

MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY COMIC PAGE

UNCLE WIGGILY AND DIMPLES

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BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

One day, when Uncle Wiggily Longears, the bunny rabbit gentleman, was hopping along through the woods, his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch happened to slip into a mud puddle.

"Splish, splash," went the muddy water up in the air, some falling on Mr. Longears.

"Well! Well!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, his pink nose twinkling twice as fast because he was so surprised that he splashed that way. "Well! Well! This is the most 'Oh, isn't it jolly, though!" cried a happy little voice from a tree branch over the bunny's head. "Isn't it jolly?"

Uncle Wiggily looked up and saw a very cute little chipmunk girl with very bright eyes looking down at him.

"If you call it jolly, being all splashed with mud, I wonder what—"

"The jolly part was in seeing the nice fountain the water made when your crutch slipped into it," said the little chipmunk girl.

"It again," said the bunny, "it again, Uncle Wiggily!" and she laughed right out loud.

"Hum! Do it again? I guess not," said the bunny. "But may I ask who you are?" he went on, as the little chipmunk girl scampered down the tree.

"Oh, I'm Dimples," was the answer. "Dimples what?" asked the bunny.

"Just Dimples," was the answer. "I'm a cousin to Jennie Chipmunk. I live in the city and I don't often get out in the woods where there are such lovely ponds and little lakes with birch bark canoes. Isn't it lovely here?" and she looked up at the blue sky and the white clouds and the sparkling lake and she even smiled at the mud puddle.

"Oh, how I wish they named you Dimples," said Uncle Wiggily. "It's because you have those little dimples when you laugh or smile, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," answered the little chipmunk girl, sort of shyly. "My cousin to Jennie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrel boys, do you want to come for a walk in the woods with me?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "As long as you live in the city, and like the woods so, come along and we'll see if we can find an adventure."

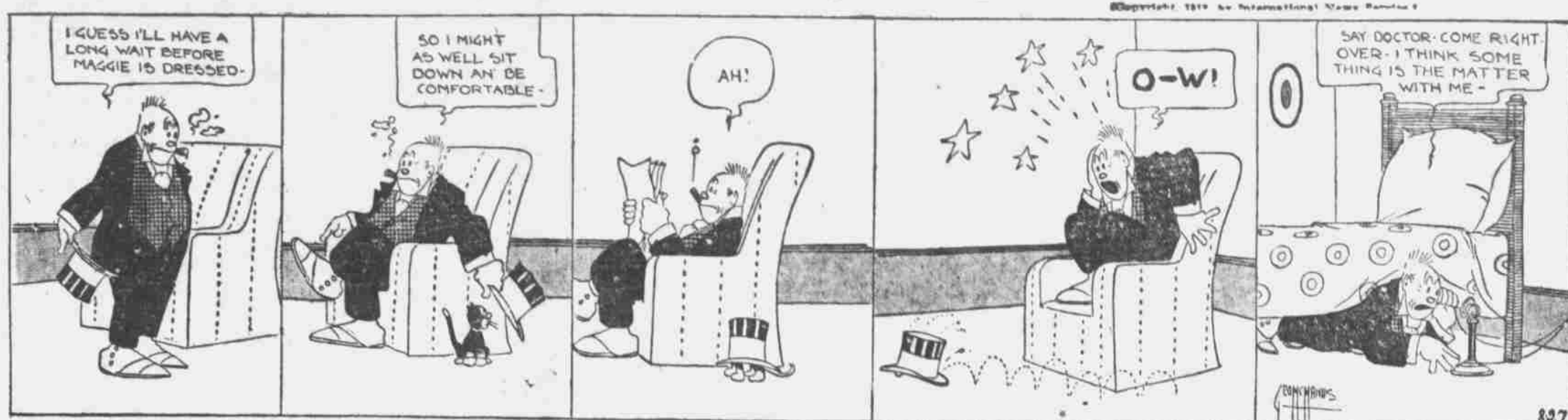
"Oh, that will be lovely, Uncle Wiggily!"

So the Lunny rabbit gentleman and the little chipmunk girl started off over the fields and through the woods, and just as they were going down a hill that was covered with brown pine needles, Uncle Wiggily slipped and began sliding down to the bottom.

"Oh, how jolly!" cried Dimples. "I didn't know you could slide down hills in the summer! Here I come!" and down she slid, too, laughing until the leaves and the trees overhead shook in the wind.

"Bump!" went Uncle Wiggily as he slid up against a big rock at the bottom of the pine needle hill.

Bringing Up Father—By George McManus



LITTLE MARY MIXUP—There's Something for You to Think Over, Uncle Ezra!



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—The "Overhead" Reduced, It Ought to Be Cheaper, Too!



DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX,
The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

THE PERPETUAL YOUTH CULT.

Why are we all wedded to the belief that to be young is the greatest blessing in the world? Why do we try to deceive people about our age, and consider it a fulsome compliment when anyone tells us that we look younger than we are? Why do we insist that we are still young, honest, and our bodies grow wrinkled, and tottery, and decrepit?

There is no particular virtue in youth. It is just an accident that happens to everyone, and that we all recover from in time. Youth isn't even interesting in itself.

No old person is as tiresome as a young one to listen to because the old person has back of him or her 40 or 50 years crowded full of experience, of things that he or she has seen and done that are stranger than any fiction.

Age of itself is an education. It is a degree in life's school, and this being the case, nothing is so strange as that we treat it as a sort of disgrace, that we are ashamed of it, and try as hard to hide the fact that we have celebrated 40 birthdays as we would conceal having served a term in the penitentiary or any other blot on our escutcheons.

This idolatry of youth makes a class of people who are really unfortunate, instead of being the darlings of the gods as we suppose, and whom we should pity instead of envy. These are the ones whom we speak of as "being so young for their age," or as "never grown up," or as "having kept the heart of a child."

If we would stop to think we should realize that for anyone not to be as old as his age really means that he is suffering from a case of arrested development. He is like the alienist called a moron. His mind stopped growing in his youth. His brain has been incapable of assimilating the wisdom that the years should have brought him. For a child of six to believe in Santa Claus and the fairies, and that there is a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, is beautiful and touching in its artless innocence. But for a man of 60 to be so credulous that he can be taken in by any confidence artist, or to swallow whole any preposterous statement, is simply driving idiocy. We are filled with contempt, and not admiration, for an intellect so feeble it has never learned to distinguish between the false and the true, and that has been so stupid experience has never taught it anything.

We often hear it said of parents that they are "so young" that they are younger than their own children. It is true, for there is nothing that makes

a child so old as to have young parents. Somebody in a family has to grow up and assume responsibilities, and look out for the future, and when parents refuse to do this they throw the burden of it on their children.

When you find a father who is a mere boy who spends his time amusing himself, you will find also a careless little fellow of 15 or 20 wrestling with the rent bill and the butcher bill. Likewise, when you find a mother who is still a debutante in heart at 40, and who is crazy about balls, and parties, and gadding about, you will find daughter at home doing the housework and trying to rear the younger children—poor little Marthas on whom flighty young mother has dumped the family cares.

In all sober truth, this modern cult of youth, and especially the frantic effort to try to keep young, though it is a mistake, so far as the body is concerned, it cannot be done. Time takes its toll of our strength, our looks, and our faculties, and it is misfortune, not a blessing, when the soul does not keep pace with the body in age.

As proof of this look at those unfortunate old people, 60 and 70 years old, who still have the delectable vanity of youth and who want to be flattered and admired for charms they no longer possess, and for beauty that died 40 years ago. Look at the haggard old women with dyed hair, and painted faces, and bodies decked out in flapper clothes that belong by right to their granddaughters, who made themselves a laughing stock. Think of the tottering, decrepit old beaux who ogled pretty girls and flirt and chatter about their conquests. Can anything on earth be more disgusting?

Contrast these perpetual youth fiends with the men and women who have grown old in mind along with their bodies; dignified men and women who, having lived a full life, are content to spend the twilight of their days in peaceful contemplation of the passing show, with no desire to mingle again in its mad whirl.

God sent us all the wisdom to grow up and keep us from the folly of trying to be perpetually young. For the whole tribe of Peter Pans are a weariness and a curse to all of those who are forced to deal with them.

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HOROSCOPE

THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1918.

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This should be a fortunate day, according to astrology. Mars, Venus and Jupiter are all in benefic aspect.

The stars are especially friendly to the claims of soldiers during this wayward and there appears to be the foreboding of a movement that will be of great financial benefit to them.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the promise of an active and successful year. Money and news will greatly increase. The young will court and marry.

Children born on this day will be in all probability gifted and generous. These subjects of Virgo usually win the confidence of their fellow men and rise to high positions.

YOUR PHYSICIAN will tell you that whenever possible you should lie down for a little rest each day. To do so will take some of the strain off that faithful heart of yours which keeps pumping away without cessation day and night.

Your physician will explain that when sitting down, as compared with standing, you save your heart nine beats a minute, and that when you lie down you take off an additional six beats. So merely lying down means less pumping to be done, and less wear and tear on the body's most vital organ.

It is a thrifty of time to take a few moments each day from the activities of one's work and stretch out full length. Housewives and others whose work keeps them on their feet a great deal, should sit as much as possible. Increased vitality and longer lives will result from following these simple suggestions.

There may be a tendency to put too high a value on youth and beauty among actresses, the seers forecast, but they prophesy success and fame for a woman who will win favor by brains and talent.

Some sort of a scandal growing out of a visit of distinguished foreigners is predicted. This may affect directly the English guests of the United States, as Uranus is in the thirteenth aspect toward Venus in the horoscope of the queen.

Continued manifestations of democratic tendencies are foreshadowed for

Italy. The king will have many anxieties added to the already many.

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MOST EVERYBODY.
HAS HAD A grandfather.
ALTHOUGH IT seems.
THAT THERE aren't so many.
AS THERE used to be.
WHEN I was a kid.
BECAUSE in those days.
I CAN remember.
THAT THERE used to be one.
IN MOST every house.
AND WHYVER IT is.
THAT I'M writing about them.
I DON'T know.
EXCEPT THAT IT is.
THAT FOR an hour.
I'VE BEEN sitting outside.
IN A rocking chair.
AND BLOWING smoke.
AND LOOKING into it.

AND SEEING things.
AND A long way back.
WAS A little town.
AND A little stream.
AND A bridge across.
AND A wagon road.
AND A yellow wagon.
AND A yoke of oxen.
AND ONE of my granddads.
DRIVING THE oxen.
AND LEAVING closer.
I COULD see myself.
PERCHED UP in the wagon.
AND WHATEVER the speed.
THAT THE ox made.
SO FAR AS I knew.
IT WAS fast enough.
AND WHEREVER IT was.
THAT WE wanted to go.

WE ALWAYS went.
AND I can recall.
THAT OUT on the farm.
I USED to grow fat.
ON THE thickest cream.
THAT I ever had seen.
AND THE homemade bread.
AND THE grandest pies.
AND JUST looking back.
IT COMES to me now.
THAT THIS granddad of mine.
NEVER SAW a street car.
AND ALWAYS believed.
THAT A coal oil lamp.
WAS THE very best word.
WHEN IT came to light.
AND HE measured men.
BY THE work they did.
AND HE lived a long life.
AND A happy one.
BUT I haven't a doubt.
IF HE lived today.
HE'D BECOME a member.
OF SOME sort of club.
AND MAYBE make speeches.
AND BE sore all the time.
AND SELL all his cream.
AND BEY canned milk.
AND DO everything else.
THAT THEY do today.

TO KEEP up with the world.
AND ITS rapid advance.
I THANK you.
BRYAN TO FORE AGAIN.
It is already clear that the next presidential campaign, which will begin about a year from now, will be complicated by two big questions, woman suffrage and prohibition. The power of the woman voter has already been felt in various states. One of the most earnest advocates of prohibition in recent years is W. J. Bryan, who has the distinction of having vainly run for the presidency three times. As Mr. Bryan preparing now to run again with prohibition as the chief plank of his platform? With this issue he would prove a formidable vote-getter, even as a third-party candidate. Unquestionably President Wilson has weakened himself with a considerable element by his recommendation to Congress that war prohibition be repealed. Numerous church gatherings have registered their protests and Mr. Bryan's guarded criticism of an Oxford recently celebrated his seventieth birthday, and celebrated it with a wayward declaration, which traveled far and wide, and no doubt is believed by many to this very day.

Possibly those who put faith in the prohibition story will find a mild example of the irony of fate in the fact that Sir William Osier, regius professor of medicine in the University of Oxford, recently celebrated his seventieth birthday, and celebrated it with a wayward declaration, which traveled far and wide, and no doubt is believed by many to this very day.

Sir Wm. Osier, distinguished friend of his birth-day celebration, their president who had at some time claimed him for represented, and the distinguished editor who presided at the gathering, felicitously remarked that he hoped Sir William would abide for many years to come, a Senator of modern Oxford, a leader in medicine, and an example to all mankind.

This is the scientist of three acres and ten, the veteran who is honored by his profession, who, according to the alleged Osier theory, should have been put to sleep ten years ago, his usefulness having ended.

It has been claimed that what Dr. Osier really said at the time he was up, hardly misquoted, was this: "When a man nor was nor money can bring home, he should in the interest of an

A Line On Men
You Read About

To the man of science the honored name of Osier has long been known. To the general reading public it is familiar largely through the alleged Osier statement that a man should be chloroformed at sixty. This was a distorted declaration, which traveled far and wide, and no doubt is believed by many to this very day.

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It has been claimed that what Dr. Osier really said at the time he was up, hardly misquoted, was this: "When a man nor was nor money can bring home, he should in the interest of an

institution be dissolved from the hive to give more laborers room. He must work with the boys or else he is irrevocably lost. To keep his mind receptive, plastic and impressionable he must fraternize with the men who are doing the work of the world, the men between the ages of 25 and 40."

The liberal spirit feeds in pastures of perpetual greenness, and basks in heaven's own sunning, and bathes in crystal streams of pleasure. Not that a soul thus favored should be fair and vigorous; should be hale and strong; and thrive and prosper, as the willow by the water-brooks. James Burns, D.D.

The liberal man will be enriched by the blessing of God. He scatters only to increase. "The very act of scattering breaks up the mastery of selfishness, strengthens the rule of kindly interests, shows that there is something in the world beyond our own personal concerns. It was better, therefore, for man, better as a discipline, better for his heart, better for every quality that is worth having, than a man should throw some of his money into the river than that he should never give anything away. Even if a man should get nothing back, he always increases his heart volume, in joy, in love, in peace; his cup of comfort is sweetened, he walks on a greener earth, and looks up to God through a bluer sky. Beneficence is its own compensation. Charity empowers the heart of some gift that it may make room for a larger. Give and it shall be given you, good measure, shaken together, and running over." The liberal soul shall be made fat." etc.—Dr. Parker.

Dayton, Ohio.